THE

# *FEAST OF THE FISHES;*

OR, THE

# WHALE'S INVITATION

TO HIS

# *Brethren of the Deep.*

ILLUSTRATED WITH ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

Printed for J. HARRIS, Successor to E. NEWBERY, at the Original Juvenile Library, the Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard.

1808.

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Whales invitation
Fishers Gala
Lobsters voyage
Butterflys Ball?
Peacock at home?

# Feast of the Fishes.

Pub. Feb. 1-1806, by I. Harris, corner St. Paul's Church Yard.

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*H. Bryer, Printer, Bridge-Street, Blackfriars.*

THE

# *FEAST OF THE FISHES.*

LONG live the *Peacock!* and, with new delight,

May tribes of birds attend his *public night*,

Long be with harmony his *tables* made

Where no opprobrious *card-money* is paid,

No musty cakes with niggard hand he gives,

No *tartar lemonade* the guest receives.

No *tea* and *turn-out* at the party's close,

The social supper smokes, the guests repose.

Long live the *Butterfly*, who routs began,

To whom in crouds the insect people ran.

I sing the FEAST OF FISHES, or the Treat

Where the huge *Whale* invited all to meet.

Resolv'd no more to spend his time alone,

The *Flying-fish* he order'd to make known

A general invitation thro' the seas,

That all may come, or not, just as they please;

I cannot count the *cards giv'n out*, but this is

Most sure, the *time* was the first day in *Pisces*.

He fain had ask'd the *Kraken*, but could never

*Find his address*, with all his best endeavour;

He stopp'd t' invite the *Porpus*, but he roll'd

Unheeding on, ere half the tale was told;

He ask'd the *Shark* (for mere good breeding's sake,)

But he was following in a slave ship's wake,

Said, he was much oblig'd, but could not stay,

And hop'd t' attend the *Whale* another day;

He made the *Thunny* promise coming, but

Was by the *Sword-fish* most completely cut.

The *Sea Anemonè* refus'd to come;

It was her constant rule to stay at home;

She thought that gadding never came to good;

She never had been out, and never wou'd.

The *Flying-fish* her stupid life disdains,

*Dips his light fins*, and takes no further pains;

He would not ask *Torpedo* if he'd come,

Lest touching him should make the others numb.

The *Thornback* then was ask'd, but not to *sup*,

So he took tiff, and then his *back was up*.

The *Salmon* was a *freshman*, at that time,

And all the *Herrings* gone t' another clime;

But all the rest a mute acceptance made,

And so the general compliment was paid.

At length the time arrives, flow'rs sub-marine,

To deck the pearly grot and caves, are seen;

Huge groves of coral shade the glassy bay,

With all the ocean's treasures grand and gay,

But not one visitor would come, without

The *Whale* would give his promise not to *spout*,

A trick that at this *Pic-nic* of the deep

Might send some thousands to their final sleep;

He also promis'd not to swim about,

Lest, while he did the honours of his rout,

The eddying whirlpools that he caus'd should sweep

Half his acquaintance, breathless, to the deep.—

All this arrang'd, that none had cause to fear,

The sound of *early fins* he hop'd to hear.

First came th' unwieldy *Sturgeon*, coarse and rough,
Who thought he never could be time enough;
His toothless mouth a vacant smile expands;
Next on the list the far-fam'd *Dolphin* stands,
Not as the poets painted, when they feign'd,
He on his back great Orpheus once sustain'd,
But this in secret; for he makes his boast,
That, of all fish, he has been prais'd the most.
In lateral progression, came the *Crab;*
Flounce came the *Flounder*, follow'd close the *Dab.*

The *Lobster* came in armour; for he saw
The *Cray-fish* arm'd, and once had felt his claw;
The *Oyster* oft' was ask'd, but would not move;
And it was hinted, he was "*crost in love.*"
The *Seal* was thought the cousin of the *Whale*,
So being near of kin, he would not fail.
The *Bull-fish* blunder'd, and mistook the day,
And the dull *Sea-calf* chose to stay away.
The *Conger-eel* uncoil'd his lazy length,
And work'd his sinuous way, with all his strength.

The *Star-fish* would not fail that night to shine;

The *Mullet* came, bedeck'd with scarlet fine;

The *Whiting* came, and brought a hundred cousins,

And *Sprats* and *Pilchards* tumbled in by dozens.

And now the intermingled dance begins,

In quick vibration move th' alternate fins,

Glitter the polish'd scales of many a hue,

Bright beams the *Dory*, shines the *Mackrel* blue;

Like human beings, all chief notice wish,

And each esteems himself the finest fish.

But some are quizz'd, and call'd *odd fish* and queer,
Some puff their gills, and cry, " What raffs are here !'
The *Turbot* said, " How could the *Whale* invite
*Barbles* and *Dog-fishes* with fish polite !"
Next time he sends me word that he's *at home*,
I'll find among my friends, *who means to come.*
What shall I swim with.....Heav'ns, what noise is here !
What dreadful crash—what rushing do I hear !—
What sudden chillness shoots thro' all my bones !"—
What more she said was lost in shrieks and groans.

E'en shar'd the massy *Whale* the gen'ral fright,

And terror and amazement marr'd the night;

For lo! slow moving from the frozen North,

DARWIN'S ICE ISLAND came majestic forth!

Twice twenty well-oar'd barges held in tow
The frigid treasure, destin'd now to go
To climes where tepid gales incessant blow,

Where nature sickens, vegetation's dried,

And burns a sandy beach, extended wide;

The congregated fishes all disperse,

Half dead with fear, yet glad it was no worse;

Then sought the lowest caverns of the deep,

" Where their vast courts the mother-waters keep;"

Where never lead has sounded, there to wait

More tranquil seas, and hope a milder fate.

*Theresa Tyro.*

THE END.

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